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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Vol. XXXV. No. 11.

JUNE 1, 1900.

Designed  
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Advance-  
ment  
of the  
Young

GEORGE Q.  
CANNON  
EDITOR

SALT  
LAKE  
CITY  
UTAH



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# STOMACH DISEASE.

In many cases diseases of the nose and throat, if neglected and unchecked, instead of extending down into the bronchial tubes, extend along the oesophagus, or swallow into the stomach.

The mucous discharge is dropped in the throat from the back part of the nose, and in the day-time is hawked up and expelled.

At night the nauseating material still continues to drop into the throat.

It first collects in the pharynx, then it is brought into contact with the foul and impure air from the lungs, and is mixed with the germs of decay.

Decomposition results, and in that condition the vile material is swallowed while asleep and goes to the stomach.

The decomposed materials so swallowed are poisons—not deadly ones, but poisons nevertheless, which acts slowly but surely, undermining the patient's constitution.

The thousands of little glands situated in the lining are free to pour out the juices that are needed to digest the food in the healthy stomach.

With disease attacking the lining of the stomach, the little glands are choked up by the swelling, and their exit is blocked by the sticky mucous which has resulted from the inflammation.

As a consequence there is not enough digestive juices formed and poured out into the cavity of the stomach.

The food, not having the necessary materials to dissolve it, lies in the stomach like lead.

Instead of being converted into nourishment for the blood it is changed into poisonous gases, which distend the stomach, dilating it so that the organs press upward on the heart and lungs.

This causes a sense of smothering, relief from which is only obtained by belching up the gas

or its passage along the bowels, where it causes a sense of distension and rumbling.

There is nausea and sometimes vomiting, in the morning, with hawking and gagging upon arising, and it requires quite an effort to free the stomach of a mass of mucous that has accumulated in it during the night.

In some cases there is waterbrash or heartburn, with constipation to complicate matters.

The old plan of doctoring for stomach troubles consisted in purges and emetics.

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When once healed the lining of the stomach is enabled to serve the purpose that nature intended it to serve.

The hawking and spitting in the morning becomes less, the appetite for breakfast returns, the heartburn and waterbrash pass away, the bloating in the stomach after taking food gives place to the pleasant sense of fullness that accompanies the taking of a full meal.

The foul gases that were belched up are no longer formed and the bowels become regular.

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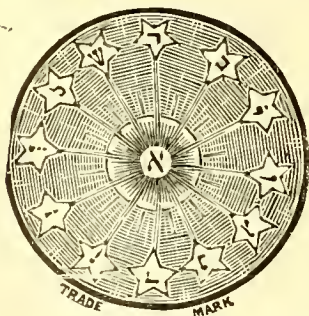
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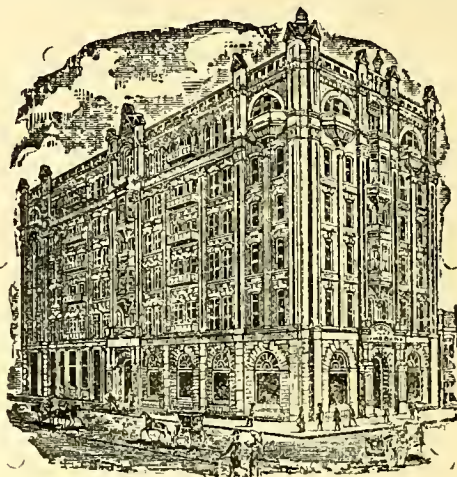
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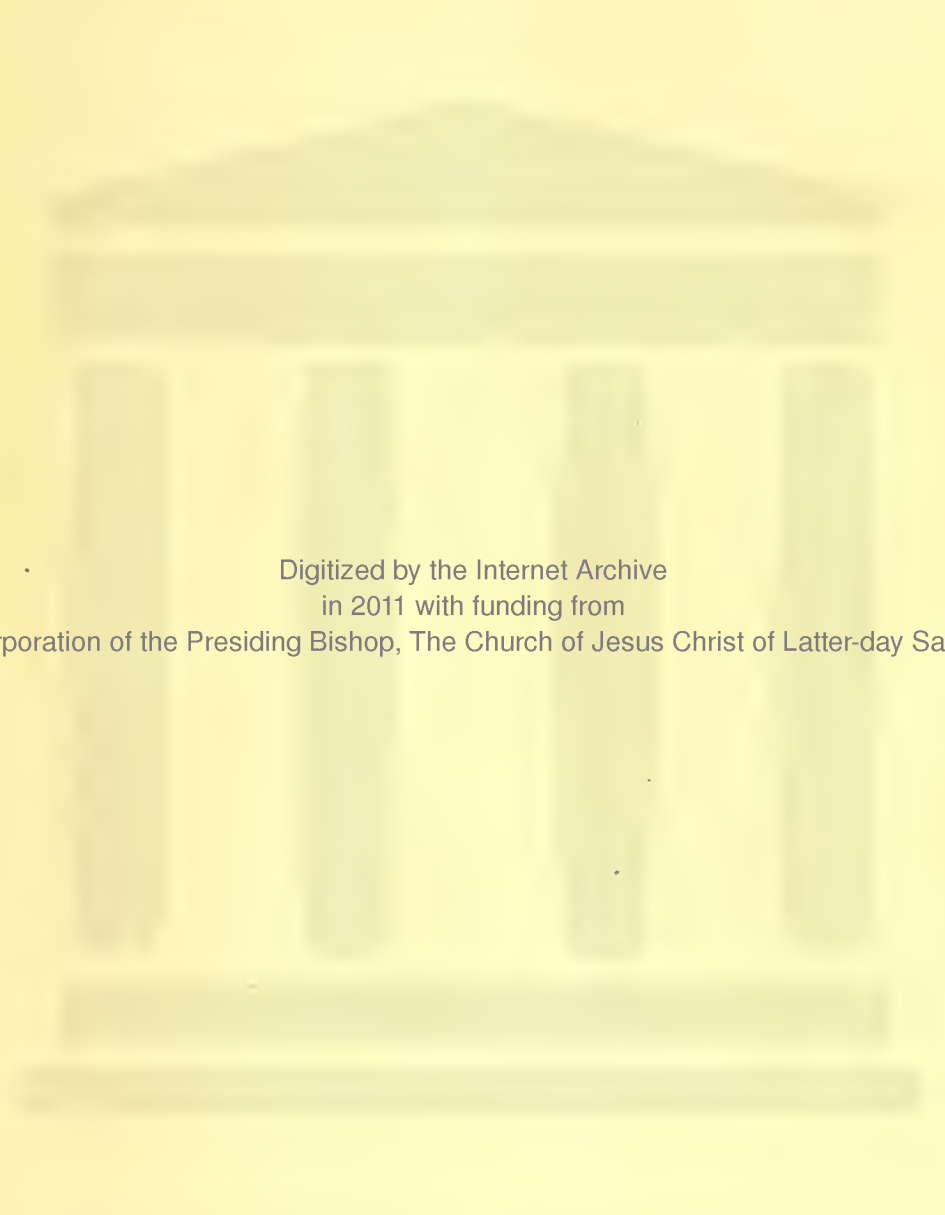
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APOSTLE JOHN HENRY SMITH.



# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS




VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1900.

No. 11.

## LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

 N their journey westward from Nauvoo, Illinois, the exiled Saints formed temporary resting places on the Missouri River. A town built of log cabins, known as Winter Quarters, sprang up on the west bank, and a place which the Saints named Kanessville (now called Council Bluffs) was built on the east bank of the river.

It was at Caribuna, near Kanessville, where the subject of this sketch first saw the light. He was born on the 18th of September, 1848. His father, the late President George A. Smith, had accompanied President Brigham Young and the first company of pioneers to the Great Salt Lake Valley the year before, and with some of them had also returned, a few weeks later, to the Missouri River. Upon his arrival there he proceeded to make preparations for the removal of his family to the newly-found gathering place in the valleys of the west. But it was not until the summer of 1849 that George A. Smith and his family began their journey westward from the Missouri; and the child John Henry was just a little over a year old when he arrived with his parents in Salt Lake City.

Less than two years after reaching the valley (on June 12, 1851) the boy's mother, Sarah Ann Libby, died of consumption. She had been an invalid for several years. After her death, John Henry, who was her only child, was placed in the care of his mother's

sister, Hannah Maria, who was also one of his father's wives. She had a son of her own, Charles Warren, only a few months younger than the other boy, and the two were raised together; and as they grew up they became united by a most endearing brotherly affection. It is pleasing to note that time has not broken this attachment, though circumstances of late years have separated them more from each other's society than when they were boys.

The many public duties of the father kept him away from home much of his time; besides, his family became widely separated a few years after their entrance into the valley. Some were left to reside in Salt Lake City, others were located in Parowan, while his wives Lucy and Hannah were, during the summer of 1852, removed to Provo, at which place the two brothers spent their early boyhood days.

Though deprived of a mother's care at such a tender age, John Henry was not neglected. His aunt was as good and true a mother to him as one could be, and he received the same care and attention from her as did her own son. To her patient teaching and training and constant watchcare and solicitude he attributes, to a great extent, the success he has thus far attained in life. In making this acknowledgement concerning his mother's potent influence over him for

good he but expresses the heart-sentiment of many a man who has become noted for worthy deeds. In truth it may be said that all really great and good men are largely indebted to their mothers for what they may have attained in true excellence.

The boyhood of John Henry was spent in much the same way as that of other Utah lads of his time. One of his early occupations was that of herding cattle on the Provo bench and in the «bottoms,» along the shore of the Utah Lake. He was a large and powerful boy for his age, and was always considered by other boys as a genial, good-natured companion, full of life and fun.

For several years after the first settlement of Provo the Indians of the vicinity were from time to time exceedingly troublesome, and though John Henry was but a youth at that period, he had some adventures with them. At one time he was shot at by a red-skin, but escaped without injury.

When he was in his fourteenth year he came very near being drowned in the Provo River, but was saved in a miraculous manner. This circumstance took place on June 8, 1862, when he in company with Thomas and George M. Brown, attempted to cross that stream in a small boat. It was at a time when the water was very high and turbulent. The boat capsized in the stream and John Henry became entangled in some driftwood, and remained under water for some time. Those standing on the shore who witnessed the mishap feared he was lost, owing to the length of time he remained beneath the water. Suddenly, however, by some unseen power he was lifted onto the bank of the river and was rescued. It was subsequently learned that at the time when this accident happened his father, who was then in Salt Lake City, had been so forcibly impressed that his son was in extreme danger that he prayed to the Lord to save the boy, and his prayer was answered in the remarkable way just mentioned.

As John Henry grew older, he spent part

of his time in Salt Lake City, going to the capital to attend school. The educational facilities of the times were meagre compared with what they are today, but his parents sought to give him all the education that could be acquired from the educational institutions then existing in the Territory.

As this sketch is written especially for the benefit of the youth, it may be profitable, before passing on from the consideration of his boyhood days, to mention some of the agencies that influenced his youthful mind and helped him to direct his course aright in life. When John Henry was but a child, his grandfather, John Smith, who was at that time Patriarch of the Church, gave him an inspired patriarchal blessing in which his life was marked out. This has ever been to him a guide and an incentive to noble action. Another such incentive was a remark once made to him by Col. Thomas L. Kane. When a young man he called upon that distinguished gentleman—that ever true and staunch friend of the Latter-day Saints—and in the course of the interview Col. Kane said to him, in such an impressive way that he could not forget it: «Young man, I trust that you will ever remember that the best blood of the nineteenth century flows in your veins.»

This was an appeal to his patriotism that had a lasting impression for good upon the young man. The idea conveyed in the expression—that the founders of Utah were of the noblest and strongest characters of the century—should awaken within all their children and grandchildren, as well as the youth of Zion generally, a determination to maintain and perpetuate the good name of their fathers.

John Henry Smith entered the matrimonial state at what today would be considered an early age. At eighteen he married Miss Sarah Farr, daughter of the Hon. Lorin Farr, of Ogden, a highly estimable lady in every respect, who has ever proven a true and devoted helpmate to her husband. Ten years



later he married again, taking to wife Josephine Groesbeck, a daughter of the late Elder Nicholas Groesbeck. It may be here stated that Elder Smith's married life has been one of continued happiness. It is not saying too much to add that his is indeed a model Christian home. Within it peace, happiness and love abound. Therein the parents receive the honor, respect and affection due their position; and the children are governed with tender consideration, gentleness and patience.

After their marriage, the youthful couple first made their home in Provo, where the husband was employed as a telegraph operator. While residing there he was chosen as a counselor to Bishop W. A. Follett of the Fourth Ward of that town. When the trans-continental railway was nearing completion, he left Provo and engaged with Messrs. Benson, Farr & West, assisting them in the building of two hundred miles of the Central Pacific Railway, for which they had taken a contract. Upon the completion of this labor Governor Leland Stanford of California offered the young man a good position in Sacramento. This he did not accept, as his father desired him to return to Salt Lake City and labor with him, and he complied with his father's wish.

Frequently accompanying his father in his travels through the Territory, John Henry, as he is still familiarly called, became acquainted with many people, and especially with prominent men of the community. This privilege which he enjoyed afforded him an opportunity to acquire an education that is not to be obtained from books or in colleges. Being closely associated with men of great minds, such as Brigham Young and other Church leaders, he could study their lives and discover for himself the secrets of their excellence of character, and adopt in his own life many of the traits observable in their conduct. That he profited by this association is evidenced by his own nobleness of mind and heart.

At the session of the Territorial legislature of 1872 John Henry Smith was assistant clerk of the house of representatives. He was also assistant clerk of the constitutional convention held that same year. In May, 1874, he was called to fill a mission to Europe, being set apart for the purpose by Apostle John Taylor. Leaving for this mission on June 29th, he reached New York July 4th. Before embarking for Liverpool, England, he paid a short visit to his mother's brothers, who resided in New Hampshire. He arrived in England July 26th. At that time his cousin, President Joseph F. Smith, was presiding over the European Mission, and assigned him to labor as a traveling Elder in the Birmingham Conference, under the direction of Elder Richard V. Morris. While upon this mission he visited most of the conferences in Great Britain, and also, in company with President Joseph F. Smith, Elder F. M. Lyman and others, visited Denmark, Germany, Switzerland and France. On account of his father's sickness he was called home a year after his arrival in England, and reached Salt Lake City in time to spend some fifteen days at his father's bedside previous to the latter's death, which occurred September 1, 1875.

On the 22nd of November of that same year he was called and set apart as Bishop of the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City. This position he filled for nearly five years. During this period he was employed by the Utah Central Railway Company.

At the general conference of the Church held in October, 1880, there was a reorganization of the First Presidency of the Church, and at that time Elders Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith were called to fill vacancies in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. These two brethren were ordained Apostles on the 27th of that same month. Just before their ordination, Elder Smith felt a desire to receive a testimony or manifestation that his call to the apostleship was from the Lord. To satisfy this desire he then and

there offered up a silent prayer asking that, if such were the case, it might fall to the lot of President Wilford Woodruff to ordain him to that calling. He said nothing about this to any of the brethren present, nor did he know then who would ordain him. It transpired, however, that President Woodruff was chosen to be mouth in his ordination, and he accepted this fact as a direct answer to his prayer and an evidence that the Lord had chosen him.

In the early part of 1882, when the Edmunds anti-polygamy bill was before Congress, Apostles John Henry Smith and Moses Thatcher were sent to Washington to labor in connection with Utah's Delegate, Hon. George Q. Cannon, to prevent the passage of that bill. Upon two subsequent occasions, Apostle Smith has been to Washington in the interest of the people of Utah. In 1892 he went to the capital to labor for the admission of Utah as a State; and in the early part of the present year he went there to aid in modifying the sentiments of leading men in regard to the Latter-day Saints.

In October, 1882, Apostle Smith was called to preside over the European Mission. While upon this mission he visited the various conferences in that land, and also traveled some in France and Italy. He was absent from home upon this occasion for twenty-nine months. At the time of his return, arrests and prosecutions under the Edmunds anti-polygamy law were being vigorously carried on. He was arrested upon the prevailing charge—that of unlawful cohabitation—but was discharged on account of lack of evidence.

Besides attending to his ecclesiastical duties, Apostle Smith has figured prominently in the political affairs of the State. In February, 1876, he was elected a member of the Salt Lake City Council. Being re-elected twice, he served for six years in the capacity of a councilman. In August, 1881, he was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature. When the People's Party and the Lib-

erals divided upon national political lines he was one of the first and foremost in advocating the principles of Republicanism in the Territory, and ever since he has been an active Republican in politics. He was president of the convention that formed the constitution under which Utah was admitted as a State of the Union.

Since his call to the Apostleship, Elder Smith has devoted practically the whole of his time to public duties. Except at times when upon missions abroad, he has traveled almost constantly among the stakes of Zion, attending conferences, instructing and encouraging the Saints, organizing and setting in order stakes and wards, etc. He has visited every stake of Zion, and many of them several times over. In 1899, he also made a tour of the Southern States Mission, doing considerable preaching on the way.

A number of times he has attended as a delegate the sessions of the Irrigation and the Trans-Mississippi Congresses. The last Trans-Mississippi Congress was held in Houston, Texas, in April, 1900. After its adjournment he went, with President George Q. Cannon and others, to the City of Mexico. This visit was of deep interest to him, and he was much impressed with what he witnessed in our sister republic.

His time being so devoted to public affairs, Apostle Smith has not engaged personally to any great extent in business enterprises, though he has ability in that line, and is connected with a number of the leading business institutions of the State, as an officer or director. By nature and training he is most eminently qualified for public duties. He has a good knowledge of human character and an extensive acquaintance with prominent men not only in his own State but throughout the nation. These qualifications and above all his remarkable faculty for making friends wherever he goes, fit him admirably for the position and labors that have fallen to his lot.

The character of John Henry Smith is a fine



study for every young man; and from it one can gain valuable lessons. It requires no very close acquaintance to understand his disposition, for in it there is no element of deceit or artfulness. The motives by which he is actuated may be read in his open countenance and easy, natural and unassuming manner. He is straightforward in all his actions—never being guilty of any double-dealing—and is always outspoken and candid in expressing his sentiments. He possesses courage of the highest type—a fearlessness born of the assurance that he is in the right. These qualities impress all people with whom he comes in contact that he is sincere in his convictions whether or not they agree with his ideas. He is of a happy disposition, always hopeful, and he takes the most cheerful view of conditions that may confront him, no matter how discouraging the aspect may be. He is quick to discern and appreciate the good qualities of others, is ever thoughtful regarding their welfare, and is broad-minded in his

views. He possesses the same good qualities of heart as of mind, and he is liberal almost to a fault.

By his continued upright course in life he has established a credit for integrity and honesty, without which no man can expect to gain and retain the confidence of his fellows, no matter how brilliant his other attainments may be.

As a public speaker, Apostle Smith is convincing, forceful and eloquent. His eloquence is that of sincere earnestness. In private conversation he displays the same earnestness, and is always interesting and entertaining.

But the great secret of his influence with mankind is his love for them. The power that some men, more than others, seem to possess and exert over their fellows—frequently even against the will of the latter—is sometimes called personal magnetism. The force of attraction possessed by Apostle Smith is nothing less than the magnetism of pure love for humanity.

*Edwin F. Parry.*



### A BALLAD OF VEGETABLES.

A potato went out on a mash  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's pie for me!" observed the  
squash,  
And all the beets turned red.  
"Go way!" the onion, weeping, cried;  
"Your love I cannot be;  
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—  
You canteloupe with me."  
But onward still the tuber came,  
And lay down at her feet;  
"You cauliflower by any name  
And it will smell as wheat;  
And I, too, am an early rose,  
And you I've come to see;  
So don't turnip your lovely nose,  
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,  
So go, sir, if you please!"  
The modest onion meekly said,  
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!  
Go, think that you have never seen  
Myself, or smelled my sigh;  
Tool long a maiden I have been  
For favors in your rye!"  
"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;  
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;  
You are the only weeping maid  
That's currant now with me!"  
And as the wily tuber spoke  
He caught her by surprise,  
And, giving her an artichoke,  
Devoured her with his eyes.

*Selected.*

## A TRIP TO LAKE VAHIRIA.

**P**ROBABLY the most beautiful scene on the magnificent island of Tahiti is its lake. Located near the center of the island, among lofty and precipitous mountains, it can only be reached after wading through many turbulent streams and struggling for hours in the tangled woods of a tropical vegetation. But once having reached its shores all remembrance of the trials had in reaching them is swallowed up in the inspiration which flows in upon the soul as one views the placid waters of the lake and the towering cloud-capped mountains which surround them.

It was our fortune to spend the Christmas of 1899 in a successful search for this lake. We say search, for although there is a well-marked trail leading to the lake, we wandered from it and were lost during a large portion of the trip. We were unable to obtain a guide, for all the natives whom we approached on the subject of going to the mountains differed from us in their ideas of how to have a good time on this great holiday; and so we decided to try it alone, although such a thing as going to Lake Vaihira without a guide had never before been attempted.

Making careful inquiries in regard to the trail, prominent points along the way, the location of the lake, etc., and having been warned a number of times by the natives not to attempt a trip which they said was sure to end in failure, we left the village at the mouth of the Vaihira River and started inland in search of a night's quarters as near the object of the proposed trip as possible. Passing through groves of cocoanut-palm, orange and lime trees and through numerous plantations of vanilla, we at length entered the hills which lie on each side of the stream that was to be our guide for the greater part of the way. The sun had already set and the darkness began to hover about us as we arrived near the last native

hut we were to see on the trip. Deciding to seek lodging there, we found it necessary to ford the stream, the hut being on the opposite bank. In wading this, the water coming up to our waist gave us a foretaste of what we were to have the next day, for the natives had said that this stream would have to be forded ninety-three times by us before we should leave it. Going to the door of the hut, the inmates were all slumbering, resting before they entered into the pleasure of the evening; for it is a native custom on Christmas eve to feast and attend a series of meetings extending beyond midnight. Aroused at our approach they welcomed us to their home, and, as they were to sleep at the village below during the night, their hut and all its belongings were most gracefully placed in our charge.

After taking from their basket a number of Christmas delicacies for us, and wishing us a pleasant trip, they departed. We spent the evening lying on a mat by the blaze of the hut fire in eating bananas, Christmas cake, etc., and indulging in thoughts of home until lulled to sleep by the noise of the mountain stream on whose very bank the hut stood.

Arising early, partaking of food, and laying aside shoes and unnecessary articles of clothing, we were soon on our way up the canyon. Inspired by the balmy breezes born among the cloud-capped peaks above and bathed in mountain streams and odors spreading from a thousand plant-robbed hill-sides, we had soon passed through the stream twenty-five times and began to feel that a large portion of the way had been passed over. The mountains now began to be more steep and high and clothed with rarer and more beautiful vegetation, the tree fern and the plantain being the most interesting. Numerous waterfalls dashing down the mountain sides and over immense precipices added their charm to the scene—a charm which



their deep silence increased. As the mountains became higher their channel below became narrower, the stream steeper and swifter. Forging the stream became more difficult; several times, although exercising the greatest care, we were nearly carried off our feet by its force.

The trail now often led along the bed of the stream for several rods. When not in the stream the pathway was through patches of wandering-jew as high as the waist, or through openings that had recently been cut through the omnipresent ginger plant. This plant, reaching a height of eight and ten feet, made the tunnel through it quite dark. The ground where it grows is almost invariably swampy and as we passed along, we would often sink in the mud up to our knees. A most disagreeable thing about passing through the ginger plant was the great amount of dew clinging to its leaves and drenching one each time the plants were jarred in passing.

When the sun arose we had crossed the stream fifty-three times, and feeling somewhat satisfied with the progress we had made we sat down to rest and to warm ourselves in his grateful rays. From here on the sun frequently arose and frequently set behind the mountains until we had crossed the stream seventy-three times. At this point the trail left the main stream and passed to the left up one of its small branches. Leaving the trail for a short time we followed up the main stream to where it rushes forth from beneath a great precipice. Over this precipice in a big rain storm falls another large stream to swell the one springing from beneath it.

Returning to the trail, we followed it up the smaller stream for some distance, when it passed up the bed of a stream coming down between what seemed to be a large crack in the precipice on the right. It was here we lost the trail, and try as we would we could follow it no more. We continued up the larger stream to where it gushes

forth from rocks that could not be scaled. An immense ridge above us and on our right passed from one side of the canyon to the other, suggesting strongly that a lake might be on the other side, so we felt as if we must ascend it. Retracing our steps we found a place where we were able to make a beginning in an ascent of the ridge. With great difficulty we scaled a series of cliffs, ascending along paths by which we knew, on account of their steepness, we could not descend. Above these cliffs the ascent was gentler, but we had to make our way through a rank vegetation. In going through this our progress was often much aided by a trailing palm which grew so thickly over the other vegetation that by stepping from stem to stem we easily passed over much of the tangled shrubbery and finally arrived at the top of the ridge. There we climbed a large tree to view the depression beyond. No lake was yet to be seen, but it was very evident that there had formerly been one in this depression. A second ridge, beyond and above this depression, suggested that the lake might be beyond it.

Beginning the descent into the depression before us, we were encouraged by the sight of a beer bottle, a sure sign of a pleasure party on a visit to the lake. The descent lay chiefly through plantain trees, whose rank growth and heavy shade kills out the under vegetation, making the walking comparatively easy. The base of the depression was flat and entirely covered with wild sugar cane. Through this we thought of passing; but in trying to approach it we sank into a mire up to our waist and retreated to the hillside, and by a circuitous route along its base passed to the other side and to the base of the second ridge. We had been so long in ascending the mountain that the day was nearly gone when we arrived at the second ridge. The sun had long since set behind the towering and precipitous mountain on the west. To return on that day was impossible, the thought of it was appalling. To ascend the one

mountain which seemed to be between us and the lake presented great difficulties. These were magnified by the thoughts of the mountain we had just succeeded in passing over. We were tired too, and decided not to attempt it that day but to seek at once a refuge for the night. Walking along through a grove of plantains which grew along the northern end of the valley until we reached a stream, there, among some clumps of gigantic bamboo cane, we decided to rest for the night.

A heavy dew had already fallen and so we went to work and gathered an immense number of bamboo poles and began to dry them for the night's fuel. The gases in the hollow joints of the bamboo when heated up would burst the joint with a loud report, which echoing among the mountains took away much of the feeling of loneliness which had crept down upon us. Having next gathered ginger plants and plantain leaves we covered a number of bamboo poles we had raised for rafters and felt secure from rain and wind for the night.

Supper was the next thing to be considered. Selecting a plantain tree with a bunch of ripe plantains growing from its top, we proceeded to cut it down with our pocket-knife. Although the trunk was nearly a foot in diameter, being made up of a series of leaf stalks wrapped about one another, by cutting these one at a time the tree soon fell, and we gathered the plantains and roasted them. These with lime juice made us an excellent supper.

Supper over we lay down by the fire to rest as well as we could for the night.

Inhaling the air laden with the spicy fragrance of the ginger leaves that made our couch, and yielding our soul to the sweet influences of the murmuring stream beside us, or the sighing foliage, or the rustle of the leaves as they trembled gently in each mountain air, we lay there musing until the evening had whiled pleasantly away. As we thought upon our novel surroundings, added charms came to them as we reflected on the

fact that where we lay was once the abode of the chief god of the southern districts of Tahiti. He was a monster eel which lived in the waters of the lake which anciently filled this very depression.

This eel insisted that a certain beautiful maiden from the sea-shore should be his wife, and having been captured by him she lived and pined beneath the waters of this lake. Although a queen, she could not be reconciled to her slimy and outlandish mate, and fled to the beach. The eel could not endure her absence, and burst through the mountain we had lately climbed over, a little to the west of where lay our trail, and rushed with the raging waters of the lake down the canyon in his wild pursuit of his wife.

She fled to the giant Maui for protection. Maui was the Joshua of the Tahitians. He it was who, while building a heathen temple, was so irritated at the frequent interruptions made in his work through the sun's hastening to go down in his course, that he made a rope of cocoanut husk fibres, and having lassoed the sun, he tied the earthly end of the rope to a large rock, thus detaining the sun until his work was completed; then he cut the rope and the sun went down.

Maui was quite willing to help the troubled girl, so he hastily cut down some palm trees at intervals of a few rods, and waited for the monster's approach toward her. Maui hid himself by the first palm tree trunk and when the eel's head had passed over it he cut it off with his sword, using the tree trunk for a chopping block, then running along the huge body of the eel he cut through it at each tree trunk. So the eel died, not however until he had severely upbraided Maui for the cowardly way in which he had attacked him. The girl was now free and, carrying the eel's head home, planted it. It grew and became a cocoanut tree. The same was the parent of all the cocoanut palm trees of the Paumotu islands.

Our novel situation and surroundings on that Christmas night, combined with a realization of the fact that we were on the



Olympian heights of Tahiti, aroused in us a set of emotions quite new, and such as will not soon grow dim.

Morning dawned and we at once began an investigation of the ridge before us. Attempting to ascend it along the creek, we came to cliffs impossible to climb, and had to return. After thinking for some time it seemed that we would have to find the trail we had lost, both for the purpose of going above to the lake and of returning to the canyon below. Therefore, returning to the first ridge, we passed along its entire length and at last found a trail. To make sure that this was the one we desired, we began to descend the mountain to see if it would connect with the one we had lost. Half way down and on a precipice rising abruptly from the canyon, we came to an old rampart of rocks. This was where the natives awaited their enemy's approach in the late war with the French. Here a few men by hurling boulders below could keep back an entire army. From here down the trail passes in a very zigzag and precarious course until it emerges from the rocks at the point where we had lost the trail the day before. Leaving our satchel at that point, with a light heart, as we knew our great desire to see the lake would in a short time be gratified, we once more began the ascent of the mountain ridge. Having passed above and away beyond the rampart and through trees and great patches of the ginger plant, we soon had reached the summit and were following the trail through thick vegetation in a gradual descent.

For a long time we wound among strange trees, about huge masses of basalt, damp and covered with club-mosses, ferns, mosses and such; then for a time we would have to struggle through mud and water. Finally the trail began to lighten up, and passing around a large mass of rock, on a sudden burst into view Lake Vaihira, and we were standing on her beautiful shore.

Just as the vision of the lake burst upon us the morning sun shone down through the

lazy clouds that capped the towering crest of the mountain which rises abruptly along the eastern side of the narrow valley. In the glory of his light the placid waters of the lake, extending before us for half a mile, reflected perfectly the bold mountain heights which arose on every side. There they stood in silent majesty, clothed to their very summits with the richest tropical vegetation, and through these robes of living green like glittering jewels shone countless streams of water springing down from everlasting fountains in the clouds, and falling and dashing from rock to rock until in veils of softest spray wafted about in every mountain air they fell in folds of dew upon the richer vegetation along the shores of the lake.

As all the glory of the scene before us wrought upon the soul, coming as another potent witness to the glory of God's handiwork, we were constrained to bow the head and thank Him, even the Great Creator, for the marvellous beauty with which He here and everywhere has adorned this earth for us His children. We were happy in purest and noblest thought, and oh, how the soul longed as it caught here a glimpse of the glory of the Invisible One, to spend its utmost strength, be its efforts never so insignificant, in aiding to further the purposes of Him the beauties of whose smallest thought were thus displayed before us!

Ere long the heavy clouds about Mount Urufaa on the north began to move themselves, and portions caught by the shifting breezes sped like ghosts about the blue skies above. Some descending were absorbed in warmer airs and lost to view, only to reappear in a colder current and be wafted over the mountains. Later the clouds descending spread over the valley on the north and condensing fell in rain, and then the base of the cascaded mountain beyond, seen through the mist and rain, gave forth an added charm. Soon the clouds spread over the entire valley, and our mirror lake can now but reflect the sound of pattering rain. A

heavy mist spreads everywhere and the nearest parts of the landscape can be but dimly seen. But soon the clouds have spent themselves, and the heavy mist is quickly reabsorbed into the sun-warmed air, causing the former vision to be renewed with the suddenness of an event in fairy land.

Long did we gaze and reflect upon the beauties of the scene. We envied the wild ducks swimming in groups about the lake the charms of their mountain home. Untaught to fear they seemed to enjoy a millennial peace; and indeed while there it seemed like we could peer through the slightly opened portals of millennial joys. It was a vale indeed where angels might retreat when weary from their toils for weak and sinful man.

At length the sun declining, we were reminded of the difficulties of the trail between us and the shore. So, taking a bath in the waters of the lake, and collecting a few souvenirs of the trip, we bade farewell to Lake Vaihiria, its happy shores and giant guards, and with many a mental treasure, re-entered the trail and were soon over the mountain and struggling once more through the canyon stream. We arrived at the hut of our native friends just as the sun had set, and partaking of the warm food they had thoughtfully left near the fire for us, we lay down on our mat, and soon the soul was dead to the lengthened talk of the natives about our visit to the haunts of their fathers' gods and their loved Lake Vaihiria.

*W. H. Chamberlin.*



## A HAND FROM HEAVEN.

### I.

[The following article is awarded second prize in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR competition for the "best written narrative of incident, anecdote or sketch of eventful experience." It was signed "Jay Max," and was written by J. M. Jensen, of Provo, Utah.—EDITOR.]



ONE evening in 1828, a theatrical performance was given in the quaint old English town of Stratford-on-Avon. Probably the play presented was one of Shakespeare's, for would it not be akin almost to treason to present the play of a lesser genius in the town that is so proud of the cherished honor of being the immortal Shakespeare's birthplace?

But be that as it may, at the close of the performance, as the people were passing out of the theatre, two couples of young persons

happened to be near together. There seemed to be no acquaintanceship between the respective couples, so it was evidently a mere chance that one of the young ladies glanced at the young gentleman who was not her partner, at the same moment that he glanced at her. It would perhaps be an extreme statement to say that this exchange of glances revealed a case of love at first sight, but flashing through the two minds were impressions that, if framed into words, would have been about as follows: "A handsome young man!" "What a charming young lady!" That was all; both couples passed out and proceeded in different directions homeward.

Next morning, the young lady, whom we may as well introduce to the reader, Miss



Eliza Brown, stepped out of a little lace establishment onto the pavement, and passed up the street.

This girl of eighteen, as she appeared this morning, was a picture of grace and loveliness. She was a brunette, tall and stately in bearing, with delicately moulded features, shapely hands and tapering fingers. She had an earnest countenance, and yet fancy might have led the observer to believe that occasionally innocent fun or even harmless mischief might lurk in the depths of those lustrous eyes.

In the course of her morning's walk, Miss Brown passed a hatter's establishment, in front of which was a young man at the top of a step ladder, busily engaged in polishing the windows. The glossy black hair, sharp eyes and clear-cut features revealed the young gentleman with whom Miss Brown had exchanged glances on the previous evening.

Yes, Gideon Dyer was busy at the polishing process, but not so busy as to be utterly unaware of what was going on in the street. He saw a young lady approaching, the same young lady whom he had seen at the theatre on the previous evening.

It may have been accidental or—well, there may have been another reason to account for Gideon's dropping his polishing leather just as the young lady passed by.

«I beg your pardon, Miss,» he said, «but would you please hand me my polishing leather?»

Miss Brown, with slightly flushed face, handed him the leather without speaking. She perhaps thought the young man a little rude, but the light in her eyes did not indicate that she was seriously offended. Perhaps she thought there were mitigating circumstances.

How Gideon Dyer and Eliza Brown chanced to meet again, and under what circumstances, it is not necessary to relate. Suffice to say, Cupid not only defies locks and locksmiths, but also finds a way to bring togeth-

er those whose hearts he has pierced with the same dart.

Gideon Dyer wooed and won. It was a love match, and when the words were pronounced which made them one «until death does you part,» there was not a happier couple in all England.

For a short time they remained in Stratford-on-Avon. Then they removed to the manufacturing town of Birmingham, Mr. Dyer securing employment as a hatter. He did not, however, pursue his trade long. His was a determined and aggressive nature, and he was tall and of splendid physique. He was therefore enabled to secure a lucrative position as police detective.

Their home was a happy one, for love and contentment reigned there. To increase their happiness, three precious little souls were given into their care. There came days of sorrow, for two of their little darlings were called back to God; but in the hour of trial their love grew greater, they comforted one another, and their sorrow was hallowed unto them.

## II.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law.

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. (Matt. 10: 34-36.)

One night Eliza Dyer had a strange dream. She seemed to be in a great vapor of darkness, and she felt a strong and terrible depression steal over her. In the agony of her soul, she prayed unto God for help. Slowly the vapors rolled away, the gloom was lifted from her mind, and she beheld an outstretched hand extended to her from the heavens, as though to give her assistance.

She was not superstitious, but she was an earnest Christian believer, and there was a firm conviction borne upon her that her dream

had some great significance pertaining to her future life. When the dream was told to her husband he was not inclined to consider it in so serious a light. Nevertheless she thought much concerning it, and frequently pondered it over in her mind.

One day she became engaged in a religious conversation with one John Brooks. He told her of a doctrine that was new and strange, and yet had a familiar sound. He declared unto her that the angel which had been seen in a vision by John the Revelator, "flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," had appeared to the boy prophet, Joseph Smith. He declared unto her that a new religious organization had been perfected, known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and as in former days, the members enjoyed the gift of the Holy Ghost, even as Peter and the Apostles did on the day of Pentecost. The signs followed the believers: the blind were made to see, the deaf to hear; the sick were healed, men spoke in tongues and enjoyed miraculous power through the gift of God.

John Brooks bore testimony to her of the truth of the Gospel as again restored to earth. He invited her to attend the church services and hear the principles of the Gospel expounded by the Elders from Zion.

Mrs. Dyer was greatly impressed by what she had heard; it appealed most strongly to her heart, and she resolved to communicate the glad tidings to her husband, and to seek for further light. She was pained to find, however, that her husband manifested little interest in the new religion. This interest was not increased when he learned that they had no social standing, that their labors were principally among the poor and the lowly. He was a man honorable and upright, and proud of his good name, but he was not a deeply religious character, and was content to worship as his fathers had done at the altar of the respectable Church of England; he

could see no necessity for investigating the doctrines of some newly organized and obscure sect, originating in the backwoods of America—he would have nothing to do with it.

It was not so with Mrs. Dyer. Her deeper religious nature perceived in the new faith more to live for, more to die for if need be, than she had ever found in the Church of England. She had been hungering and thirsting for righteousness; here was food. Here was the hand outstretched to her from the heavens!

She attended the meetings of the Latter-day Saints as opportunity afforded, and learned more of the doctrines of the Gospel. At last she felt it her duty to go down into the waters of baptism; she felt that God would not be pleased if she should longer resist the testimony which had entered her heart. She was therefore baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She did not tell Mr. Dyer what she had done, knowing that it would only bring contention and bitterness.

Being a member of the Church, she considered it her duty to observe the principles of the Gospel. In accordance with the mandates of her conscience, she discontinued the use of tea, of which she was very fond and had been a habitual user.

Mr. Dyer soon observed that she no longer used tea, and inquired the reason therefor. Her nature was too frank to permit her long to keep the truth concealed from him, and she told him that she had received a testimony of the truth of the Gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith, and had become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in accordance with the teachings of the Church, she had discontinued the use of tea.

Mr. Dyer was very angry, and a stormy scene ensued. He insisted that she should sever her connection with the Church and should resume her tea drinking. The first



she would not consent to; but rather than have a continual turmoil in her home, she remained away from many of the meetings held by her brethren and sisters in the Gospel, and she again resumed the use of tea.

One morning as she was pouring the tea, she accidentally overturned the teapot, severely scalding her foot.

Mr. Dyer at once summoned a physician, who poulticed the injured member. Mrs. Dyer, however, had greater confidence in the administration of the Elders as a healing power than in the physician's remedies. At her request, her brother Henry, who had become a member of the Church, brought John Brooks and another Mormon Elder to administer to her. This was during the absence of her husband. When he afterwards learned of it, he told Henry that as his wife's brother, he was welcome to come to the house, but he must not bring that "Saint John" or any of those Mormons.

The foot soon healed, much sooner than the physician had anticipated. He thought it a triumph of his medical skill, but Sister Dyer gave the glory to God; she acknowledged His mercy and goodness in hearkening to the appeals of the Elders in her behalf.

Time passed on, Mrs. Dyer retaining her fellowship with the Latter-day Saints and occasionally attending their religious services. Mr. Dyer never accompanied her, and viewed with displeasure her persistence in affiliating with "those Mormons."

The Saints rented a hall for Sabbath worship, but for services during the week were obliged to content themselves with a small room over a livery stable.

Mrs. Dyer would sometimes endeavor to persuade her husband to attend the Latter-day Saints' Sabbath services with her, but he always refused.

But one Thursday evening, when he was off duty, and in a happier frame of mind than usual, he volunteered to accompany her to a prayer and testimony meeting. She hesitated, fearing that his strong prejudice against

the Latter-day Saints would only be intensified by meeting in such a humble place and by hearing the uneducated and sometimes unrefined speakers who occupied a considerable portion of the time at testimony meetings. Her hesitation only served to strengthen his determination to attend the meeting.

Together they proceeded to the meeting, her heart filled with fear and apprehension as to the result, his mind active with intolerance and prejudice against a people of whose doctrines he knew little.

As they approached the building, it was evident that the location and surroundings did not please him; when they entered the building, there was no light of pleasure in his eye; and when a collier, uneducated and rough in his manner, but with a heart sincere and honest, arose to speak, and gave utterance to sentiments of love for the Gospel of Christ in tones of earnestness and conviction, but in sentences devoid of grammatical form and rhetorical polish, there was no responsive chord in his heart to the honest and God-fearing spirit of the speaker; he felt rather to despise the oral dress in which it was presented. He contrasted the humble room over a stable with the majestic cathedrals of the Church of England, forgetting that Christ, the Savior of the world, was born in a manger; he contrasted the simple utterances and rude language of the collier with the eloquence and refinement of a hireling clergy, forgetting that Christ walked on the shores of Galilee among his humble fishermen disciples. The words of Paul did not come to his mind: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

After that meeting Mr. Dyer attacked the Latter-day Saints more bitterly than ever.

Finally he told his wife that she must choose between the Latter-day Saints and him. He was in earnest.

Then came the great trial of her life, for in all things save her religion he had been generous and kind to her, and she loved him with all the fond devotion of a true wife for her husband. To part with him was a most terrible thought, but she knew the Gospel was true, and she felt in her heart that if she were untrue to the light of Heaven which she had received, in accordance with the spirit of Christ's words she would stand condemned before her God,—«He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me is not worthy of me.»

She quoted these words to him, and added that with God's help she would be as steadfast as Ruth of old. The Latter-day Saints were her people, and their God was her God, and leave them she would not.

And so he left her, telling her she should never see him again, should never know

what became of him unless she renounced the Latter-day Saints, when he would return to her.

She never saw him again, never knew what became of him. Bravely she took up her cross and never laid it down. A few years later, with her daughter grown to womanhood, she emigrated to Zion. She endured many trials and hardships incident to pioneer life, but never faltered.

Sometimes a sigh would escape from her, sometimes her daughter or one of her grandchildren would hear her utter a despairing hope that she might again see his face, but it was not to be.

The gloom of her life was dispelled in helping others, and courage and strength to struggle against life's vicissitudes were given her by the dream of the past.

In 1885, loving hands laid her mortal remains to rest in the hillside cemetery of the quiet little town of Alpine.

The hand which was extended to her from the heavens, had led her safely through the journey of life to eternity.

*Jay Max.*



## DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

**T**HE gratifying growth of the Sunday School interest of the Church, thereby increasing the labors of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, necessitates an enlargement of its facilities for the transaction of its business affairs. To meet these encouraging conditions, the Board has made several important changes in its office arrangements by fitting up, in a suitable manner, rooms number 401 and 402, Templeton Building, Salt Lake City. These rooms will be used in the manner indicated in the fol-

lowing circular sent to the Sunday School superintendents of the various stakes:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,  
May 22, 1900.

DEAR BROTHER:

The phenomenal growth of the Sunday School cause during the past few years must be very gratifying to all those who have the welfare of Zion at heart. Nothing should be left undone that will in any way advance the best interest of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand officers, teachers and pupils who are enrolled in our ranks.



and who comprise the Deseret Sunday School Union.

We have felt for some time that the present needs and future requirements of the great Sunday School work in which we are engaged necessitated some changes that would give us better facilities and enable us more fully to discharge the sacred trust reposed in us. With this end in view, we have sufficiently enlarged our offices in the Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, so that now, and for some time to come, we shall have ample room to attend to our business with that dispatch necessary for the well-being of those over whom we preside. In connection with our business department we have provided an assembly room, in which we hope to meet, during the periods of our Annual and Semi-Annual Conferences, the superintendents of the various Stakes of Zion and their assistants, and talk over with them business and other matters connected with the Sunday School work that cannot be attended to in the meetings held in the Tabernacle. We also trust, by these means, that the presiding Sunday School officers of the various Stakes will become better acquainted, and, thereby, be more united as a whole in any movement tending to advance the good work.

We have also fitted up a writing room and library for the benefit of our visiting brethren of the superintendencies of the several Stakes, and cordially invite you to make use of this while you are visiting in the city. If you wish to write letters, come and do so, or should you have an hour to spare and desire to read a book, it is here for you. You will be just as welcome and free as though you were in your own home.

Now, in conclusion, we trust our efforts to further the good work will meet with our Father's blessing, your approval, and be productive of much good.

Ever praying for your welfare, we remain,

Yours most truly,

THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, Gen'l Supt.,

KARL G. MAESER, Second Asst. Gen'l Supt.,

HORACE S. ENSIGN, Secretary.

Room 408 in the same building will be used exclusively by the Board for conducting the details of its general business, and as a repository for its books, charts, leaflets and its

other publications and Sunday School helps. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the official organ of the Union, ever alive to the interest it represents, has made arrangements whereby increased space will be at the disposal of the Sunday School Union Board; this will be used in presenting the official actions of the Board; notices, items of visits to Sunday Schools and Stake Sunday School conferences; Stake and Ward Sunday School items; correspondence and Sunday School news of general interest.



#### ANNUAL STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES AND THEIR DATES.

THE following is a list of the corrected dates for holding Stake Sunday School conferences during the remainder of the year 1900:

- June 2nd and 3rd, Wasatch—Granite.
- June 9th and 10th, Cache.
- June 16th and 17th, Oneida—Millard.
- June 23rd and 24th, Bear Lake—Sanpete.
- June 30th and July 1st, Star Valley.
- July 7th and 8th, Panguitch—Woodruff.
- July 14th and 15th, Kanab—Wayne.
- July 21st and 22nd, Morgan—Sevier.
- July 28th and 29th, Box Elder—Cassia.
- August 4th and 5th, Beaver.
- August 11th and 12th, Davis—Bingham.
- August 18th and 19th, Uintah—Fremont.
- August 25th and 26th, Alberta.
- September 1st and 2nd, Tooele.
- September 8th and 9th, Summit—Emery.
- September 15th and 16th, Weber.
- September 22nd and 23rd, Bannock.
- September 23rd, Salt Lake.
- September 29th and 30th, Pocatello.



#### CHANGES IN STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCIES.

WE note changes in the Stake Sunday School organizations as follows:

Superintendent O. C. Ormsby of Cache Stake,

succeeded by Elder John E. Carlisle of Logan as Stake superintendent.

Superintendent William Beveridge of Woodruff Stake, succeeded by Elder George A. Peart of Randolph as Stake superintendent.

Superintendent Lucius A. Snow of Box Elder Stake, succeeded by Elder Alonzo H. Snow of Brigham City as Stake superintendent.

Superintendent A. G. Johnson of Tooele Stake, succeeded by Elder William Spry of Grantsville as Stake superintendent.



### THE MISSIONARY'S PHOTO.

Please show my photo to baby,  
And kiss his red cheeks for me,  
And tell him that Papa is longing  
The dear ones at home to see;  
His sweet face is ever before me,  
His bright eyes lead me on  
And I face the world calm, fearless;  
To sorrows I say, Begone.

Then show my photo to baby,  
And tell him that in my heart  
I carry his smiles and caresses  
Since the day we last did part.  
I hear his voice 'mong the songsters  
That chirp from leafy bough,  
In dreamland I feel his caresses;  
A link 'tween the then and now.

Then show my photo to baby,  
And teach him to lisp my name,  
For Papa is striving and struggling  
That he may be proud of the same.  
Who knows but in the hereafter  
This weary way I've trod  
His own little feet may be tramping  
In service of Truth and God?

Then show my photo to baby,  
And teach him to pray for me,  
That my footsteps be guarded ever  
And my heart from sin be free.  
Then when my labors are finished,  
O'er land and ocean foam,  
I'll hasten back to my loved ones—  
And baby at home—sweet home.

*J. M. Lauritzen,*

Tromso, Norway, May 7, 1900.





## MARCUS KING, MORMON.

### CHAPTER VII.

**W**HILE at school Marcus remembered having read the saying of Paul to Timothy, that «if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work,» and how he had associated the passage with his knowledge of bishops as he saw them in the various denominations. Then he had agreed with Paul. His highest ambition would certainly be reached, thought he, if he ever attained that lofty position. But now he was a Bishop, a real Bishop, and that in the Church of Christ. And how different to what his ideal had been! He was simply the ecclesiastical head of possibly a hundred souls, poor and struggling in a new country to make a living; and he was one of them, working daily in the fields for his own support.

Though the new Bishop was young, yet he was well liked by all. His counselors were much older than he, and so all classes were satisfied with the arrangement. Marcus took hold of his office with a vim and soon had everything in the ward in good working order. Of course a few objected to some of his «new-fangled ways» as they called them, and said that he was too new from the sectarian pulpit; but these grumblers were not many.

Naturally there was much talk of what Brigham had said to Marcus about his getting married. Many were the jokes at his expense, but he laughed them all away. Of course, he meant to marry, he said, but he must be given time to think about such a serious matter.

Though he would say it in a jocular way, he thought about it earnestly enough; and Alice was in his mind all the time. During the «war» the mails had been very irregular and news from Hungerton had been scarce. He had written but one letter to Alice, but that had never been answered. She may never have received it, however, and that spring—it was after he had become Bishop—he had written her again, and sent her some new

Mormon literature. In his last letters to his mother he had asked about Alice, but he heard nothing from her through that source, Alice having left Mrs. King some time during the winter.

It was the middle of the summer before Marcus got another bunch of letters from the east. One was from his mother, but none from Alice. His mother had been very sick, was quite weak at that writing, and told him not to be surprised if she wrote no more to him. «As regards Alice Merton,» she wrote, «since she left Hungerton I have not heard much from her. She has lost all interest in me, I fear. You remember I told you of her father's financial failures, and how his business here has been closed. They are now living on their farm some distance from town, but, as I said, I hear scarcely anything from them. The last time I saw Alice she was driving in that old one-horse buggy of theirs and there was a young fellow with her. It is rumored that they are quite intimate. Well, Alice is getting over her girl days and I can not blame her for getting married if she has a good offer; but I had such hopes, Marcus—Alice is such a good girl—but there, what's the use of my writing of such matters; you no doubt care very little for her now, and there are plenty of girls in your town who would gladly marry the new Bishop.»

On the whole, it was a depressing letter. Marcus worried considerably over its contents both as regards his mother and Alice. He may have to give up Alice, after all. At least, he could see no way by which she would ever become his wife, unless the hand of Providence overruled in a miraculous manner; but that she should be the wife of another hurt him the worst, and he got no peace of mind on that matter until he had gone to the All-wise and All-merciful and poured out his heart to Him.

Meanwhile Janet was in Salt Lake City.

She had gone there directly after Marcus had been made Bishop, and had visited Hemla but a few times since. Marcus had neglected Janet. Being so occupied with his new duties, he had thought little about her. Now he could see his negligence, and it became all the more glaring when considered with the fact that Janet had been so devoted to him. If he must settle down to a married life, he knew of none better suited to him than Janet. He did not try to deceive himself. He did not love Janet Harmon as he loved Alice Merton; but he thought a great deal of her, that was certain.

And now rumors came to him about Janet in the city. She "kept company" with a man that was not right, but was quarreling with the authorities of the Church. Marcus tried to see her on a number of his trips to the city, but he had failed. He did not place much reliance in this talk, as he knew Janet and her opinions too well to suspect such things of her.

One evening Marcus called on Sister Harmon to inquire about Janet. The sister was knitting in the open doorway, at the same time watching the light fade from the western sky. She had aged much in the few years she had been in the west, and lately her health was failing. It certainly seemed likely that she soon would have her wish fulfilled as regards laying down her bones in Zion.

Marcus would not take the chair which she had vacated for him but he sat down on a bench by the wall. The little room was one of the neatest that the Bishop ever went into in that settlement. With the extreme scarcity of anything that could be used to adorn or make comfort, it was a wonder that such a room could be made. Out of the commonest things Janet's skilled fingers had made neat ornaments. The clay floor had recently been hidden by one of sawn boards, and little strips of home-made carpet covered those boards not made white by scrubbing. The cleanest and freshest white-wash covered the walls, where were hung a few cheap prints

with frames of oak and autumn leaves. Shelves were lined with scalloped paper. In the little window behind the tiny panes of glass stood a row of cans filled with flowers: two or three geraniums, some pinks, and a few wild flowers. Marcus went up to them and pulled a small red blossom.

"And so Janet doesn't come often now?" said he.

"No; she doesn't care to leave her place; and you know, Brother King, a girl of Janet's nature likes a little more society than there is here in Hemla."

"Yes; I suppose so; but what about that rumor? Has she found a young man that cares for her?"

"Yes; I think she has. There's no use denying that; at least he seems to think a great deal of her."

"And does she like him?"

"Well now, Brother King, I can't say. She's turned so strange lately that I can't understand the girl. I believe that she thinks more of you yet than of him."

The needles stopped their busy click and the old sister looked steadily at him with a smile. Marcus was trying to fasten to his jacket the flower he had picked.

"I'm sorry, Sister Harmon—that is, I suppose I haven't treated Janet quite right."

"No; I don't think you have."

"But you know my story, don't you? Janet does, and I thought you would understand."

"Yes; Janet told me about your young lady that wouldn't have you after you became a Mormon. Janet was in the same fix—but by-gones are by-gones with her."

Marcus knew, however, that there was a difference in their cases.

"Where is Janet staying now? I'm going to town tomorrow and I should like to see her?"

Sister Harmon went to the shelf and brought down a letter from which she took a slip of paper. A photograph also fell to the floor.

"O, yes; here's his picture," said she as she handed it to him.

The face was a dear one to Marcus King. It was his old friend who had brought him the Gospel, Elder Robert James.

«Do you know him?» she asked.

«Yes; he preached the Gospel to me in Hungerton.»

«Indeed! Well, now, that's interesting; but have you heard that he is on the back track, as they say?»

«Yes; I've heard it, but I can hardly believe it of him. I must see him when I go to town. I haven't heard from him for a long time, and had no idea he was in Salt Lake.»

Marcus brought away with him a package for Janet from her mother, and a sharp pain in his heart for himself. He lost no time in getting an early start for the city next morning.

He found Elder James at work on his farm on the outskirts of the city, and when he took his hand and looked into his face, Marcus found that there was some truth in the rumors he had heard. The man spoke in a confused way and his actions displayed a nervousness not natural to him. Of course he was pleased to see Marcus.

«I'll unhitch and we'll go to the house. Sister Harmon is my housekeeper—you know Janet Harmon, I believe?»

«We crossed the Plains together, that is, part way, and she has lived in Hemla.»

«Yes; she has told me of you. You see, I lost my wife two years ago, and I must have someone to look after my two children. Janet does it splendidly. She's a fine woman.»

The horses were unhitched from the plow, and they made for the stable, the two men following.

«So this is your farm?» asked Marcus. «You've got a fine piece of land here.»

«Yes; it's a pretty good farm, but I've sold it.»

«Is that so?»

«Yes; I'm going east in the spring. I've an offer of a good position back in my native state, and I think I'd better go. I'm not wanted here any longer.»

«Why, what's the matter, Brother James?»

«I'm finding too much fault, that's all. You haven't heard, perhaps, but the fact is that I am already as good as an outcast here. Things are not run right to my notion, and because I point it out, I am ostracized.»

«But, dear brother, the Gospel is the same, isn't it?»

«Yes; I don't deny that, but Brigham is wrong.»

They came to the house, where they met Janet coming from the cellar with a pan of milk. At sight of Marcus she nearly dropped it. «Look out,» he said, «if I'm to have any of that for dinner.»

She was surprised, and also a little uneasy, Marcus thought. However, she busied herself with getting some dinner, finding time once in a while to ask about matters in Hemla.

At the table they asked and answered questions for some time regarding their doings since they had parted in Iowa City. This led on to their experiences in and around Hungerton, and Elder James asked about many of his friends, if Marcus had any news from them. The old-time light came into his eyes, and the old-time interest awakened when these missionary reminiscences were indulged in; and Marcus began to doubt his first conclusions.

«I live with John and Eliza Dixon in Hemla. They are still true to the faith as you taught it to them, Robert. Why don't you come out and see them?»

«Well, I have often thought I would go out and see you all, but this trouble of mine has prevented me. I didn't think you would care to see me.»

«I will always be glad to see you, Robert. I can never forget what I owe to you. I am trying to live up to the principles you taught me also. I know they are true—and you know it, too.»

Robert's hand trembled as he pushed his hair from his forehead, and wiped away the dampness.

«Yes,» he said in a low, tremulous voice; «I know they are true. I don't deny them, Mar-



cus, and I hope I never shall. The principles are all right, but—" and here he raised his voice, "the authorities are all wrong."

"I shall not try to show you the fallacy of that position. It seems altogether too strange for me to be your teacher."

"O, that's all right. You're a Bishop, you know. You stand in with Brigham, and are all right."

Marcus did not desire to quarrel with his old friend. He was too much pained for that. So they parted with a good spirit and Marcus had him promise that he would visit his friends in Hemla the next Sunday.

Janet had said but little during the talk. The children came rushing in to get their dinner, and she busied herself with them.

"You'll come, too, Janet," said Marcus.

"I don't know—I'd like to see Mother, but—"

"Let there be no (buts,) Janet. You must promise me to come. I want you to come, Janet."

"Then I'll be there," she said. And her eyes followed him to the gate and up the road.

The next Saturday Bishop King was irrigating corn when he saw a passing team stop at Harmon's and Janet alight. He had doubted her coming at all, but here she was, a day ahead.

That evening Marcus called. He smiled to himself as he brushed his coat and put on a tie, before going. It had been such a long time since he had done any "dressing" to call on the ladies that the act now had a certain charm in it.

Janet must have expected him. She was dressed better than he had ever seen her, and she reminded him of the first sight he had of her on the Plains. Save for a sad expression that seemed to have made itself permanent in her face, she showed her peculiar beauty to advantage that evening. A little pang akin to jealousy shot through his breast.

Janet had brought a few simple luxuries

from the city and mother and daughter were enjoying them at the table.

"You're just in time," exclaimed the mother. "There's just a taste of this cake left for you."

"We're fast getting back to old conditions," said he, "when we can have sugar in our cake. This was sweetened with sugar, wasn't it, Janet?"

Janet nodded.

"Yes; and when we can dress like that," said the mother pointing to Janet.

"Now, Mother, you know that this is the cheapest kind of stuff."

"It must be in the making," said Marcus, "for I assure you, it looks pretty fine."

"I'm going to get some cooler milk," and the girl went to the cellar with the tin pail.

"Brother James will be here tomorrow, won't he?" Marcus asked, when she returned.

"Yes; he and the children."

Sister Harmon, good old scheming soul, said she had an errand at a neighbor's. Janet pleaded to go instead, but she was ordered to stay and entertain her company.

"The Bishop is your company, Mama, not mine." The words leaped from her as though she could not control them. Then she straightway apologized:

"All right Mother, go on. I'll do my best. You'll forgive me, won't you, Brother King?"

"I forgive all men—likewise all women," he answered, "in hopes that I also will be forgiven of them."

The door was open and the moon shone in on the floor. A cool breeze came from the mountains, and blew out like a sail the little white curtain at the window. Marcus drew his chair into the draught. Janet cleared the table.

"How long have you lived with Brother James?" he asked.

"Just this summer."

"And how long has he been feeling as he does?"

"I don't know. He says very little to me about such things. I was somewhat sur-

prised myself at what he said to you the other day.»

«You don't know how sorry I am, when I see a man like Brother James fall into the dark. Why, he has been on a mission, preached the Gospel to hundreds, and done a vast amount of good; and after it all to apostatize! I don't understand it. Now, if it had been you or I, Janet, who haven't done much for the Church, and who are quite new, it wouldn't have been so surprising, but Brother James—well, it's awful.»

«I did not think it was that bad. He's been very kind to me.»

«Janet, do you know what rumor has it about you?»

«No; what rumor?» She stood leaning against the open door. The moonlight streamed through her hair, making a peculiarly beautiful effect.

«Why, that you and Brother James are keeping company.»

«And what if we are? Whose business is it?» She stood up erect against the door. Marcus leaned across the cleared table and looked at her. He had never seen her so charming.

«Janet, I did not mean to offend you by repeating gossip,» he said quietly. «For my own knowledge I wanted to know.»

She stood as if rigid. Marcus could hear that she breathed hard, but she said nothing.

«I wanted the information, Janet, so that I would know how to act. I do not wish to be unfair or unmanly. If you have promised to marry Brother James, then I'll say no more.»

It was a bold move he made, but he might as well out with it.

«I've not promised to marry Brother James.»

«Thank you for telling me. Won't you sit down here, Janet, while I talk to you.»

She answered not, she did not move, so Marcus arose and stood on the other side of the open door, quite close to her. A field of ripening wheat was just outside, but its countless ears would never hear. However, they nodded back and forth towards each

other in the moonlight as if they were whispering a secret tale of love.

«Janet, you can't imagine the responsibility there is to being Bishop even in such a small place as this. I've been alone in the work long enough, and if I can get some one to help me, it will be better.»

«You can get ten girls to marry you, if that is what you mean,» she said with an effort.

«But I don't want ten, I want but one—»

«And she is in Hungerton. You are in a fix, Bishop.» There was a sneer in her tone this time.

Marcus walked back to the chair. He was silenced. She had turned on him, she was playing with him, and he knew now that he loved her. He could not say anything to her, and she stood there looking, staring out into the fields.

«Well, Janet,» he said at last, «I see that it is useless to say anything further to you tonight.» He pushed the chair away and reached for his hat. Perhaps, tomorrow—but Brother James will be here then and there is no telling—«O, Janet, why do you despise me, what have I done that you should hate me!»

The girl walked waveringly to the chair, leaned her head on the table and burst into loud sobs. Marcus stood hat in hand as if helpless. Then he went to her, and as a father would place his hand on the head of a child, he placed his on the bowed head. Then he drew another chair up to her, and sat there until her sobs grew less violent. Then he gently took her hand, and lifted her head from the table. All her passion had vanished and she yielded to each pressure of his hand.

«I did not mean to be hard,» she said at last, «but I thought you never have cared for me, and now your talk puts the devil into my heart. Forgive me, Marcus.»

«I have nothing to forgive, but you have all. I have ill-treated you. I have neglected you, but it shall be so no longer. Do

you think you can forgive me, and learn to love me?"

"I love you now, Marcus." She only whispered it, but he heard it plainly and he pressed her head onto his shoulder, while her soft, warm hand clasped his in a firm grasp. The breeze sank to a zephyr. The moon sailed behind a cloud. Then he kissed her, and what were words after that?

"Marcus," she said, "now I must talk. Mother will be here presently, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. Let us walk up and down outside!"

So Marcus slipped her arm into his and they walked down the road bordering the wheat field and the hay meadow.

"Marcus, you haven't *said* that you love me."

"Then I will say it now."

"Hush! but we may take it for granted that you care a little for me. Still—now don't deny it, Marcus—you think more of Alice Merton."

"But that is in the past. It is useless to talk about it."

"Perhaps, and perhaps not. However, let us understand each other, let us have no secrets between us. I have told you mine."

"And you don't care for Robert James?"

"Not a bit. Never did. I only cared for you and I shall thank God that tonight He has answered my prayers."

How could Marcus have been so blind to such a sublime love!

"Now listen to me," and she pinched his arm. "I'm not going to marry you just yet."

"Well, why not? Hasn't my house stood vacant long enough?"

"I'm going to give you a chance to marry Alice first."

"But my dear Janet, you can't give me that chance. That's in the past."

"Hush, let me tell you. We can wait and see. We know not what time will bring. We must give Alice a chance. She loves you and you love her—you love her more than you love me. I'm used to that thought now and it don't hurt me. You can marry

Alice first, I'm willing. It is her right. I will come in afterwards and be a help to you both."

"My dear girl, I bless you for your words. I had not thought it possible for a woman to say them as you have. I do love Alice, and I think I always shall; but remember, that does not hinder me from loving you, yea, now a hundred fold more than ever."

"I know it, Marcus, I know it; you love me of course, but not like you love Alice; and it's all right. It's not to be expected otherwise. We must give Alice another chance. If you marry me first, it would break Alice's heart. I can come in second, you know. That will be easier for her, when she understands it."

"Yes; but she never will understand, I fear."

"She may, Marcus. That's in God's hands. We must give her another chance anyway. Marcus, I had a letter from her last winter."

"You?"

"Yes; I've never told you before because I was jealous. She asked about you. O, it was such a beautiful letter, and full of love to you. I believe she is a good girl, and I have not treated her right because I have not answered it yet."

"You surprise me. How could she have gotten your address? She has never answered any of my letters."

"I suppose she got it through Brother Dixon, or perhaps through Robert James. He has written back, I understand."

It was getting late. The mother was looking out of the door for them, and they walked up to her arm in arm.

"It's all right, mother," said Marcus, "Janet and I have come to an understanding at last and we want your sanction and blessing."

"And you may have both," she said, and continued about now being able to lay down her bones in peace, which Marcus just made out as he leaped over the fence on a short cut home.

*Nephi Anderson.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### FAITH EXERCISED THROUGH PRAYER.

THE following interesting incident, described by President Joseph F. Smith, clearly shows how the foundation of faith may be laid in the minds of children by the example of faithful, God-fearing mothers:

In the spring of 1847 a portion of our family crossed the Plains, following the pioneers to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, the remainder of the family intending to proceed on their journey to the west the following spring.

In the fall of 1847, my mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri River to St. Joseph, Mo., about 150 miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter, and for the journey across the Plains the following spring. They took two wagons with two yokes of oxen on each. I was almost nine years of age at this time, and accompanied my mother and uncle on this journey as a teamster. The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad, and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one. At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal, corn, bacon and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open prairie on the Missouri River bottoms, by the side of a small spring creek, which emptied into the river about three quarters of a mile from us. We were in plain sight of the river, and could apparently see over every foot of the little open prairie where we were camped to the river on the southwest, to the bluffs on the northeast, and to the timber which skirted the prairie on the right and left. Camping near by, on the other side of the creek, were some men with a herd of beef cattle, which they were driving to Savannah and St. Joseph for market. We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to

feed during our encampments at night, but this time, on account of the proximity of this herd of cattle, fearing that they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes. Next morning when we came to look them up, to our great disappointment our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent all the morning, well-nigh until noon, hunting for them, but without avail. The grass was tall, and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through this grass and through the woods and over the bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down in prayer. I halted for a moment and then drew gently near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue on our journey in safety. When she arose from her knees I was standing near by. The first expression I caught upon her precious face was a lovely smile, which, discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and an assurance I had not felt before. A few moments later Uncle Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were: "Well, Mary, the cattle are gone!" Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, "Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will just take a walk out and see if I can find the cattle."

My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri River had suddenly turned to run up stream, neither of us could have been much more surprised. "Why, Mary," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? We have been all over this country, all through the timber and through that herd of cattle, and our oxen are gone—they are not

to be found. I believe they have been driven off, and it is useless for you to attempt to do such a thing as to hunt for them.»

«Never mind me;» said mother; «Get your breakfast and I will see;» and she started toward the river, following down the little stream. Before she had got out of speaking distance the man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out: «Madam, I saw your oxen over in that direction this morning about daybreak,» pointing in the opposite direction from that in which Mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, paid no attention to his remark, and did not even turn her head to look at him. A moment later the man rode off rapidly toward his herd, which had been gathered in the opening near the edge of the woods, and they were soon under full drive for the road leading toward Savannah, and soon disappeared from view.

My mother continued straight down the little stream of water, until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to us. (I was watching her every moment and was determined that she should not get out of my sight). Instantly we rose from the «mess-chest,» on which our breakfast had been spread, and started toward her. Like John, who outran the other disciple to the sepulchre, I outran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch which had been washed out of the sandy banks of the river by the little spring creek, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all the morning, and we were soon on our way homeward-bound rejoicing.

This circumstance was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an indelible impression upon my mind,

and has been a source of comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout all my life.



#### ENLARGED QUARTERS FOR THE GENERAL S. S. BOARD.

ON Thursday, the 24th of May, the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union met at the rooms of the society in the Templeton building, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of dedicating the new rooms that had been obtained for the use of the society. Besides the officers of the board, a number of the Twelve Apostles, and some few other brethren were present. All felt that the rooms had been well selected, and would admirably answer the purposes for which they had been opened. The Union has been crowded for room for some time, and with the steady growth of the Sunday School cause, and the increase in the number of pupils in the schools, it was thought advisable to enlarge the quarters so that the business might be attended to in a better manner. Another purpose was that visiting superintendents and teachers and others interested in the Sunday School cause might have a place to spend an hour or two, or longer, if they came to the city, and do their correspondence or amuse themselves by reading some of the books of the library which is being provided. There was some excellent singing on the occasion referred to, by Brothers Horace S. Ensign and George D. Pyper and others of the brethren. Remarks were also made by the General Superintendent of Sunday Schools, appropriate to the occasion, setting forth to some extent the work that had been accomplished by the Sunday School workers. The rooms were dedicated by prayer, which was offered by President Joseph F. Smith. The time was delightfully spent, and after the meeting was dismissed, the members of the Sunday School Union Board and their wives were invited by Elder Heber J. Grant to his residence, where they were entertained by himself and family with the utmost hospital-

ity, and a general time of enjoyment was indulged in.



#### PRESIDENT YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY.

THE date of this number of the JUVENILE, June 1, 1900, is the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birth of President Brigham Young—the man who, under the guidance and with the help of the Lord led the Saints to the valleys of the mountains, and laid the foundations upon which the commonwealth has been so well and rapidly built. President Young's memory is too deeply enshrined in the hearts of the people to require processions or monuments, eulogiums or celebra-

tions, to keep it alive. He needs neither oratorical displays nor spectacular aids to hold his name and works fresh in the minds of the community. He is honored as a man of God by the Latter-day Saints everywhere; and the greatness of the work he accomplished is recognized by fair-minded people of all creeds. This wonderful nineteenth century was just opening when he was born, and during the seventy-six years of his life the world made marvellous advancement. Many great men were produced, and performed their part in contributing to this progress. Among these, even from the standpoint of the most worldly, he has an assured place.



#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS OF 1900— A JOURNEY TO MEXICO.

THE Trans-Mississippi Congress was appointed to be held this year at Houston, Texas. It was to occupy four days, April 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. At the suggestion of the brethren, I was appointed to go as a delegate, and I received the appointment from the Governor. There were from the State of Utah, the following persons appointed as delegates:—Brother John Henry Smith and daughter, Brother George Romney and wife, Brother John C. Cutler and Dr. S. B. Young and wife of Salt Lake; Brother John R. Barnes, wife and daughter, of Kaysville; Brother John R. Murdock and wife, of Beaver; P. A. Nielson, daughter and son, Lewis W. Shurtliff, Ogden; James R. Miller of Mill Creek; Lycurgus Johnson of Uintah; Jesse Knight of Provo; and myself and wife. Every attention was shown to the Utah delegation by the other delegates and the people of Houston. The people of our State are the best advertised of any com-

munity on the continent. The efforts of our enemies to do us injury have had this effect: to make us more talked about, and to be more the objects of interest than we otherwise would be. Attending these congresses has a good effect. Members from various States, and many of them leading men, are brought in contact with the Latter-day Saints, and they get a better idea of our people, and of what we are doing, than they otherwise would. Friendships are formed which lead to good results, and my observation is that the results are worth far more than the money that is expended to attend these meetings.

While we were there the *Houston Post*, the leading paper in that city, arranged for an excursion to go to the city of Mexico, and pressing invitations were given to the Utah people to join the excursion. The intention was to spend four days out of the ten at the City of Mexico and the remainder of the time in making the journey to and from there. Some of the Utah delegation could not



conveniently make this trip, but there were eight of us that accepted the proposition to go there, and we joined the excursion. We had the larger part of a sleeping car to ourselves, and had plenty of room, which made the trip in this respect very enjoyable. Those who went to Mexico were Elder John Henry Smith and daughter, Bishop George Romney and wife, Elders James M. Miller and John C. Cutler, and myself and wife.

It would not be possible in the short space of an article in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to write a full description of what we saw; for Mexico is a foreign country, and in almost every respect unlike our own land and people. There seems to be a complete change in the scenery, productions, vegetation and manners and people, after crossing the boundary line between the two republics. A great part of the country through which we passed might very well answer the name given by the Nephites to a certain portion of their land, namely, the «Land Desolation.» The absence of water for long distances is very noticeable, and on these long stretches of desert, desert vegetation prevails. The cactus grows everywhere, and to a great height. For many, many miles there were unbroken stretches of this plant.

The towns through which we passed resembled very much the pictures that we have of the towns in Palestine. The houses apparently have no roofs, that is, none to be seen. The roofs are flat, and in the cities and towns the walls of the houses are very massive. Indeed, this is one feature that struck me everywhere in Mexico, the disposition to wall everything in, which gives their houses and buildings a fort-like appearance. Even the corrals were surrounded by high and massive walls. From looking at these buildings and walls, one would naturally suppose that this character of labor, which in any other country would be very costly, must have been resorted to to protect property against attacks of robbers or hostile foes.

We passed through several important cities,

among which was Zacatecas. The scenery in this vicinity was very grand, and the city itself was beautifully situated. This is a rich mining region, and the evidences of wealth were to be seen around. The city of Guanguata is a very important place. Rich mines in the vicinity enable the people to erect some very fine buildings. We visited an opera house at this point that is a very superb building, and is said to be larger than anything of the kind on the continent. We spent a day at this city, being taken by mules on railway cars through the entire length of the city, and saw a good deal of Mexican life. The wealth of this place is said to be very great, and the greater number of residences give evidence of this.

The City of Mexico itself possesses all the conveniences of modern life, and the four days that we spent there were occupied in seeing all the places of note in the city proper, and in the surrounding country. There are a large number of cathedrals and churches all through the country, and this is particularly the case in the City of Mexico itself. Its cathedral is an object of great interest, and incalculable wealth has been lavished upon it. The National Museum at this point is full of interesting objects, especially for a believer in the Book of Mormon. Days might be spent with profit by anyone interested in the Nephite and Lamanite races.

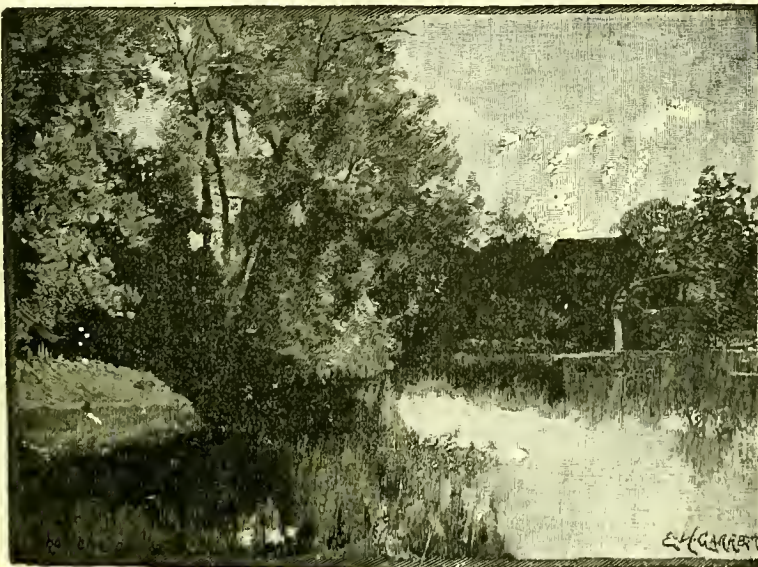
The residences generally in the City of Mexico have this peculiarity: the windows all look into a courtyard, which frequently is very beautifully adorned, having fountains and a beautiful garden. The most of the Mexican houses have no windows looking out upon the street, and if an entrance is gained to the interior of the house, it is through strong gates or doors which can be closed at night if necessary, making an entirely safe abode for the owners. These houses are most elegantly furnished, and in old families the contents of these residences are the accumulation of the wealth of centuries, and it is said that none can have a conception of

the richness of the adornment and furnishing of these residences without entering them. The wealthy class in Mexico are wealthy beyond conception. Probably in no country in the world is there such a tremendous distance between the upper and the lower classes. There is in reality scarcely any middle class in the country, such as we have in our land. From the mines and the different plantations the wealthy derive their incomes. Possessing immense tracts of land, they are able to produce, at the lowest possible price, the ore from the mines and the products of agriculture and horticulture from the soil.

The lower class are peons, and are but little better than slaves. They work for a very small pittance and live upon a diet that would not sustain any white race. Where they are employed on plantations and other places, they are allowed to contract debts, that is, consume their wages before they are earned, and thus they are kept from month to month and year to year in debt, and under the necessity of continuing to work for the same employer as long as it suits his pleasure. One of the most painful sights in the City of Mexico is to see these poor wretches carrying loads on their backs. They are literally

beasts of burden, and although donkeys and mules are very numerous, and used for carrying loads of every description, the poor peons are used side by side with the donkeys. I saw men carrying loads that to all appearances were heavier than those borne by the animals, yet they trudge along uncomplainingly and apparently quite contented with the labor they are performing. And these are descendants of the prophets of God! These are people concerning whom the Lord has made some of His greatest promises,—promises that will yet be fulfilled concerning this race. God has spoken it and His words cannot fail; but to human eyes, how dark the outlook! How can their redemption ever be brought about? God has made the promises and He alone can fulfill them.

During the time we were there we boarded in our dining car and slept in our sleeping car and were thus saved expense. Our four days had passed. We had seen the City of Mexico, but not enough to satisfy us, for there were many things that if we had had more time, we would like to have examined. Our return journey to Houston was marked with nothing unusual, and we reached there at the expiration of ten days. *The Editor.*





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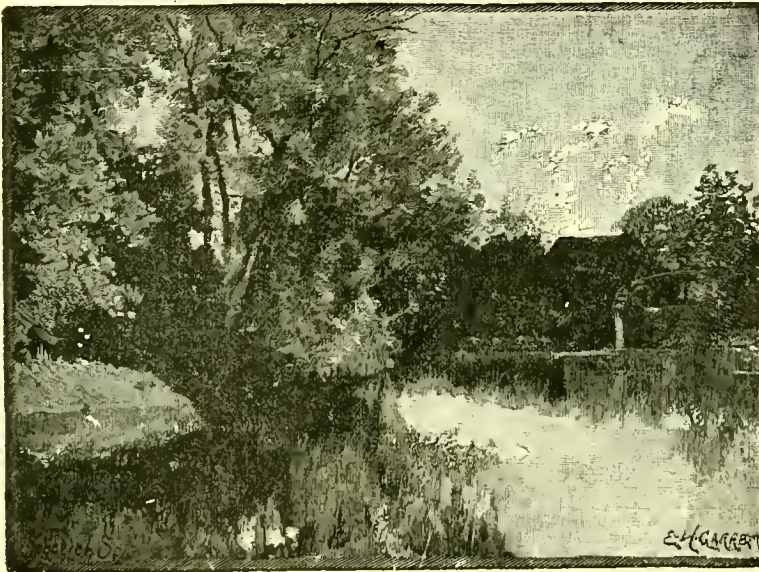


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## FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### STUDYING NATURE.

**W**E have come now to the time of year, «leafy June,» when Nature is most beautiful and may be

studied at her best. It is the season of excursions to the mountains, rambles in the canyons, and pleasant walks in the groves, gardens and parks. We trust many of our



little readers will have the chance thus to enjoy themselves, and we hope that many parents will have the time and the willingness to sit down and explain, as the Papa in this picture is doing, some of Nature's beauties and wonders to the little ones.

✻

#### FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

##### V.

Our black biddy hen hatched a brood  
Of ('chickadees,') yellow and gray;  
A saucy chicken hawk, hungry and rude,  
Determined to take one away.

But we found our hen, our brave, black hen,  
Could fly as well as walk;  
With a shriek of wild dread,  
She rose high over head,  
And had a grand fight with the hawk.

The battle was fierce, but the mother hen won,  
And rescued her dear little chick;  
It fell in soft dirt,  
And was not a bit hurt,  
But ran away sprightly and quick.

Let the hawk birds hang their heads in shame,  
When they see a black biddy or hear her name.

**T**HE winter passed, spring came, and early in May another daughter was added to the family.

Favie began to feel slighted because he was the only brother among all those sisters, three of them. But he loved the babies, and although he grumbled sometimes at being the only boy in the house, he petted and pleased, and teased as well, his dear little sisters, Rhoda, Nellie and Eva.

The baby was but a few weeks old when the family left that place and traveled on toward Nauvoo.

Oh, what a journey that was! How the

rain poured down on the travelers, and how muddy and slippery the roads were, so that at times the horses could scarcely stand, much less walk.

In crossing the Illinois River, the bank where the horses should have pulled off from the boat which had ferried them over the water was so slippery and steep they could not keep their footing so as to get up with the loaded wagon.

Brother Kane, with the help of some of the brethren who traveled with him, had to take the load out of the wagon. Sister Kane and the children, with their bedding, provisions, and whatever they were taking along, had to be lifted out, over the team, and placed on the ground in the mud and rain until the horses could pull the almost empty wagon up the bank. Nellie was asleep, so she was left in the wagon.

Sister Kane stood with her little baby in her arms, and with Favie on one side and Rhoda on the other, clinging to her skirts and covered with their father's large cloak, which he put over his wife's shoulders.

It seemed a long time that they stood thus. And when the wagon was out, and the things loaded into it again, Sister Kane was so mired in the muddy clay where she stood, that she could not raise her foot to step. Her husband had to unlace her shoes and lift her out of them. He took her and the children to the wagon, and then had to dig her shoes out of the mud and wash them in the stream. A little farther on, they came to a place where one of their uncles had stopped with his family for the time being. There they stayed and rested for a night and a day.

A young cousin gave Sister Kane a black



hen. The children were pleased with the present, and talked of the chickens she would raise for them, when they should find a home again.

Their next home was at Camp Creek, a few miles from Nauvoo.

And sure enough, Sister Kane procured a «setting» of eggs, and in three weeks' time, their black biddy came off her nest with a troop of lovely little chicks.

The children watched them with much delight. It was so interesting to see how the mother hen would scratch and pick in the dirt, to find something for her babies to eat; and how obedient the little things were to her call for them to come to her.

One day while the children were watching them in the door-yard, a hawk came sailing over them, and darting down, caught up one of the little chicks, and arose with it in the air. There was wild screaming and scampering among the little chickens, but the hen, with wonderful strength and quickness, flew up after the hawk, and actually fought it until the chicken was dropped, unharmed, in a pile of soft dirt, and the hawk flew away with no booty.

Favie threw up his cap and cheered loudly in honor of the hawk's defeat and the hen's triumph, and Rhoda and Nellie clapped their hands and called their mother to see what had happened. *L. L. Greene Richards.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

COLONIA DIAZ, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

I am nine years old. I was baptized on my eighth birthday. We have been in Mexico seven years. My brother Benny died here in Mexico when he was eleven years old. I

have been so lonely without him, as he and I were most always together. He was such a good boy and was loved by all. My little sister Wilma is full of fun as she can be. She has black eyes and curly hair. In our garden we raise corn, beans, tomatoes, melons and sun-flowers. I have a dog named Towser. He and I have fine times together. Well, I must quit for this time. JULIAN A. LAWS.



REXBURG, IDAHO.

I am lame in my left leg. I was paralyzed when a baby. A brother came and administered to me and I got better from that time on. When I was eight years old, my Papa and Mama took me to the Logan Temple, where I was baptized to become a member of the Church and also for my lameness. I received a great blessing, but the Lord did not see fit to heal me entirely. He has blessed me with good parents who have done all they could for my comfort. My Papa bought me a little wagon and a dog and harness, with which I can go all over town. So I am not deprived of the privilege of attending Sunday School and meetings as many cripples are. GLENN M. OSBORN.



Four little letters from Pima, Graham County, Arizona, are written by Mary A. Rogers, age 13, Lottie Rogers, 10, Moleta Dodge, 12, and Agnes Dodge, 10 years. They all tell of a good Sunday School, Primary and religious class. Miss Emma Rogers is mentioned as a good teacher. And the misfortune of a three-year-old brother in the Rogers family having his leg broken in two places is told of. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is not taken in either family, but they all like to read it.

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BY HAROLD ORLOB.

*p* *p* *mf*

*p*

*Fine.*  
*mf*

*p* *mf*

*f* *ff* *p*

*mf* *f* *ff*

*p* *p* *mf*

*p*

*mf*

*p* *ff*

*f* *p*

*fff* *ff* D. C.



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CURRENT

TIME

TABLE.

### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east.....	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Manti, Belknap, and intermediate points.....	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Kureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points.....	5:10 p. m.
No. 6—For Ogden and the West.....	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	12:00 noon
No. 5—For Ogden and the West.....	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City.....	8:30 a. m.

### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	11:45 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Manti, intermediate points.....	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West.....	8:20 a. m.
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No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City.....	5:45 p. m.

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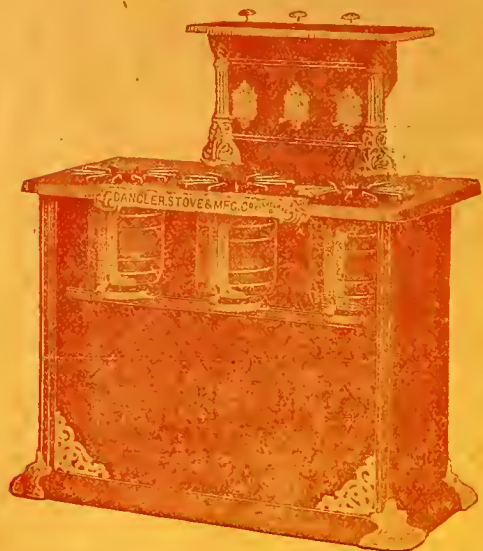
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